

THE CLIMAX.

FRENCH TIPPON, - - Editor.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

The Climax Printing Co.
WM. G. WHITE, CHAS. S. POWELL.

PRICE PER YEAR, \$1.50.

Wednesday, - - October 22, 1890.

Democratic Ticket.

FOR CONGRESS,

JAMES B. MCCREARY.

[Election Tuesday, November 4th.]

DELEGATE BENNETT YOUNG said in a speech before the Constitutional Convention that Kentucky has more counties than in State in the Union, except Texas.

The murder of the Chief of Police, New Orleans, by members of a society of Italians, known as the Mafia, has caused great excitement in the Crescent city, and trouble is expected.

HON. CHRIS F. BRENNAN and ex-Governor Knott were the orators of the Constitutional Convention, last Thursday, on occasion of adopting resolutions of respect to the memory of Justice Miller.

JOE MOORE, one of the Advocate editors, died at Danville, last week, aged 35 years. He had long been troubled with lung disease, and had visited California, New Mexico and other places for relief, but in vain. He was a genial, good fellow, and his death is a loss.

JOSEPH T. FLETCHER, who was a second-rate paper in St. Louis, but removed to New York, made the world the most extensively read and circulated paper in America, was elected to Congress and did many other things in a short time, has gone stone blind and retired from business.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

HON. M. C. ALFORD, of Lexington, is a candidate for Lieutenant Governor, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Should he be elected and fill the place as acceptably as he did that of Chairman of the State Central Committee, he will please the public.

DICKERSON AGAIN.

On the 33rd ballot, in the Falmouth convention, Hon. W. W. Dickerson, Carlisle's successor, was re-nominated for Congress. Hon. Theodore Hallam, of Covington, and Judge Al. Berry, of Newport, were candidates and engaged into such a fierce struggle that Mr. Dickerson came in rather unexpectedly. Well, he is a good man, and will likely make as good a Congressman as either of the others.

TEXAS SIFTINGS.

The most versatile and profusely humorous paper in existence is the Texas Siftings. It began at Austin, Texas, but growing too large for Texas, it moved to New York, and later established a branch in London. The able work of Messrs. J. Arroy Knox and Alex. E. Sweet is materially augmented by the addition to the staff of Mr. A. Miner Griedwald. Of all the funny papers, give us Texas Siftings, first, last and all the time. But besides its humor, there crops out all along the line, a great deal of good sense and information.

INDICTMENT OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

Dr. William Everett, the Democratic opponent of the notorious Mr. Lodge, author of the infamous Force Bill, opened the canvass with the appended remarks: "The passage of the McKinley Tariff act, and the Customs Administration act, the proposed Force bill in which your present representative is so largely interested, the pension legislation, the whole admission of new States, and the whole seating of members to increase their boasted majority, the autocratic conduct of their Speaker, the systematic endeavor to prevent the voice of the minority from being heard, form a list of proceedings on the part of the majority which, for alternate violence and servility, are quite unprecedented in Congressional history."

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

There can be no doubt that the animosities engendered by the war are fast fading away. The reunions of the Blue and the Gray continue to grow more brotherly, year by year. The editor of the Cumberland Gap, a Union soldier, says:

The reunion of the Blue and the Gray at Knoxville was a success. A very large number of old soldiers of both armies were in line, and greeted each other in the friendly clasp of peace. To show how well the "old boys" have buried their animosities, when the hand played Dixie, no cheer was heard; it sounded the notes of John Brown's Body, but it brought no hurrah; the notes of the Donny Blue Flag floated upon the air, but it got no encore; marching through Georgia rolled out of the horns, but silence was the result; but when good old Yankee Doodle came bursting out of the instruments, cheer after cheer arose, hand grasped hand, and the peace of a reunited nation was ratified.

WILL VOTE THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

Hon. Frank D. Winston, one of the ablest Republicans in North Carolina, has written a letter declining the nomination of his party for judge of the second judicial district, and announcing his purpose to vote the Democratic ticket. The course of the Republican majority in the last House of Representatives, including the passage of the force bill, has convinced Mr. Winston that "the ten denials of the Republican party are such as to alarm every man who places the permanent welfare of his country above temporary party advantage," and hence he withdraws from the organization. "A Democratic triumph at the November election," says Mr. Winston, "will be a wholesome rebuke to the men who are losing the national government for purposes of plunder; whose professions of love for free speech and a fair count are belied by their daily practices in the halls of Congress, and by their systematic purchase of votes in all close elections; whose disregard of the rights of the negro is shown by the passage of laws that will raise the price of everything he buys, and who imagine that blatant philanthropy and baying patriotism will serve as a disguise for their wicked schemes."

STUCKS VS. BONDS.

Fisher & Shaw, Investment Bankers of Baltimore, say it is a patent fact that of late years the fancy of the investing public has been directed entirely to issues of bonds. This, we think, accounts for the almost entire neglect of the stock market. To investors, bonds naturally offer more attraction, for they carry with them a lien upon specific property, and offer a fixed and steady income. Bankers are ready to negotiate them, not only for the same reasons, but also, because the margin of profits upon them is usually well assured. We believe, however, that there exists at this time, an over-supply of securities which are being carried by bankers. The capitalization of properties has been carried on too fast, until it has exceeded the demand for investment. Foremost in this particular do any of the railroads of this country stand. Built with bonds, every subsequent need has been provided for by new issues until the roads' limit of indebtedness has been reached. It has been truly said that the limit to the credit of the American railway companies is confined to their limit to issue bonds. In this lies their weakness. Therefore, it is not strange that the public should not only wish to avoid railway stocks when preceded by large bonded debts, but should likewise grow to distrust issues of bonds when they are recognized as being excessive. In view of the decreased demand and the unprosperous aspect of the loan market, the present would appear ill-timed for the placing of new securities, both at home and abroad. London bankers are thought, also, to be carrying large blocks of industrial bonds which the public has not been disposed to take. It is difficult to form any reliable idea of the stock of securities left unsold in the hands of the issuing houses in our seaboard cities, for when money is scarce, they obtain financial aid to carry their bonds by drawing on London at sixty days' sight under open credits. In this way the Atlantic Ocean may be said to be the largest bank in the world, whose condition will ever remain a tale untold.

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WHAT THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT IS DOING.

The Administration has changed all the forms of the Treasury statements so that comparisons with previous years are almost impossible, and the facts of the existing condition of the Treasury, and comparisons, month by month, can only be made after tedious ciphering. There is no conceivable reason for the abandonment of forms that gave full information on their face, and that made comparisons easy, and the adoption of forms that are intelligible only to book-keepers who have plenty of time, except that the Administration doesn't want any comparison made except those prepared by its own agents, and wishes to discourage the public from trying to keep track of the Treasury operations.

It appears, however, that large purchases of bonds for the sinking fund were made in September in order to relieve the stringency in New York, and in consequence of this the bonded debt was reduced \$42,316,240 during September. This reduction, made for the primary purpose of relieving some New York speculators from the tight corners they had got themselves into, according to John Sherman's description of the affair, of course raises materially the average monthly reduction of the bonded debt since March 4, 1880. The Administration, therefore, has seized the opportunity to scatter over the country a statement of the average monthly debt reductions during the Customs Administration and so far under the Harrison Administration, the latter figures being greater than the former.

This comparison really means, nothing for the amount of reduction of the public debt depends on the national income and the national expenditure, and the Executive can not effect either.

But it was well for the Administration of humbug to send out this comparative statement at the beginning of October, for the average of the debt reduction under President Harrison will diminish from this time forward month by month. Secretary Windom announced last month that he was then buying his last bond for some time; in order to relieve the strain in New York he had bought in September the bonds he would ordinarily be five or six months in buying. He will therefore not reduce the bonded debt for several months, and as the Harrison Administration's order and the debt remains the same that average monthly reduction that Secretary Windom is advertising so loudly will grow smaller and smaller.

By dint of much addition, division and silence, we extract from the reluctant testimony of President Harrison the additional facts that the Treasury's balance of cash available for the reduction of the public debt diminished \$46,230,777 during the month of September, and at the beginning of this month amounted to only \$33,228,105. This reduction was effected mainly by paying out gold, for during September the gold owned by the Government decreased \$37,855,839, while the silver owned by the Government decreased only \$9,159,323.—National Democrat.

KENTUCKY'S BEST.

The Elizabethan News has made a compilation of Kentucky's best, which includes the following:

"Kentucky's greatest statesman is John G. Carlisle.

"Kentucky's greatest editor, Henry Watterson.

"Kentucky's best politician, Gov. McCreary.

"Kentucky's handsomest man, Gen. Custumeau.

"Kentucky's ablest minister, Dr. Broadus.

"Kentucky's greatest orator, W. C. P. Brockridge.

"Kentucky's best stump speaker, Gen. Wat Hardin.

"Kentucky's greatest farmer, Dr. Clardy.

"Kentucky's best poet, Robert Burns Wilson.

"Kentucky's brightest wit, J. Proctor Knott.

"Kentucky's greatest architect, Mary Navarro.

"Kentucky's best novelist, Lane Allen.

"Kentucky's greatest railroad man, Milton Smith.

"Kentucky's greatest stock man, J. J. Alexander.

"Kentucky's best conversationalist, Senator Blackburn."

We differ from the News with regard to the minister and poet, while we have a misgiving as to the railroad man and farmer. Has the News forgotten Bishop Dudley and Henry T. Stanton? Again has Milton Smith achieved half as much against powerful opposition as Bennett Young? Farmers are numerous, and we are not thoroughly posted, but it strikes us that Kentucky county is a long way from Foxhoven.

By a decision of the Court of Appeals, the Louisville Water Company is required to pay back taxes to the amount of \$75,000 to that city.

CONCERNING FARMERS.

A Scott county man sold six yearling mules at \$70 per head.

In Lincoln county cattle weighing from 1350 to 1450 sold at \$3 to \$3 cents.

T. D. Cheesnut bought in Scott county 100 cattle, 1200 lbs., at \$3 cents.

E. N. Offutt & Co., Georgetown, will erect a grain elevator on the lot adjoining their warehouse, near the Cincinnati Southern Depot, with a capacity of 75,000 bushels.

The demand for wool has improved greatly, mules and horses being in great demand as to the market for goods, and sales of wool at Boston have exceeded 7,000,000 pounds for the week.

Mr. Alexander Baile, of Balfour, Guthrie & Co., is authority for the statement that over \$7,000,000 of Liverpool money will come to this State, this year, for the purchase of wheat.—Tribune News.

W. B. Kidd bought for Lehman & Bros. of S. D. Coff, 235 cattle, 1000 lb. each, and an extra lot, to be corn fed until Nov. 25th at \$4c., and the remainder to be taken this month at 4c. They will weigh about 1600 lbs.—Winchester Democrat.

Geo. Kratz, agent for the Lehman Bros., bought nearly 1,000 fat cattle from J. E. Clay, Tuesday, at 4c, excepting 42, for which he paid 4c. also bought 200 from Thos. Henry Clay, at 4c, at 4c.

They will be received from Nov. 10th to Dec. 1st.—Paris News.

Capt. Tom Ferrell, auctioneer, reports a good crowd at John Howard's sale, at Ford, on the 16th. Hotel furniture, stoves, and such like, brought good prices. The Ford people have the money and the price to what they want. John Howard is a business man and a gentleman, long may he live and prosper.

In Lincoln county 30 ewes sold for \$4 per head. 22 mare mule colts cost the purchaser \$85 a piece. Fat 2 and 3-year-old cattle, 34 cents. 6 mare mule colts sold for \$70 per head. G. P. Bright has a lot of ewes that he is selling at 25c. a head. Corn in the field, \$2.10.

At Cardwell's sale, mule colts brought \$75 to \$85.

Keene Beazley, a well-known colored laborer, in this place, cut on S. H. Anderson's farm, on Tuesday, twenty-five shocks of corn, in a field that would average twelve barrels to the acre. This was a good day's work, and it takes an expert to equal it. The current price for cutting this season has been from \$8 to 10c. per shock.—Lancaster Record.

The Times takes occasion again to ask why an establishment for the canning of corn, tomatoes, beans, etc., would not prove profitable in Georgetown. They are grown here in abundance, could be grown more extensively, and shipping to equal it. The current price for cutting this season has been from \$8 to 10c. per shock.—Lancaster Record.

Strength of the F. and M. Union in a few mountain counties: Magoffin has 800 members, Wolfe 700, Morgan 1,000, Johnson 1,200, Menefee 500, Owensley 600. These are estimates we get from G. S. Miller and are only approximations. There is a quiet growing up on all through Eastern Kentucky, we learn. The problem which the Union is trying to solve is a difficult one and one of vast importance.—Herald Green Herald.

M. H. Haggard delivered to Ed P. Halley last week 17 mule colts at from \$75 to \$85, and to John C. Payne 16 at about same price. He also sold to Horace Grover 15 yearling cattle, of about 720 pounds weight, at 3 cents. Mr. Sam Brooks made the following purchases: From Polk Bond, 29 head 2-year-old cattle, feeders, averaging about 1,200 pounds, at \$3.40 per cwt.; 10 head yearling cattle from James Brooks at \$3.25 per cwt.; one two-year-old cotton mule from H. D. Lyons at \$70.—Georgetown Times.

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If the Wheelers of Kentucky have done nothing else, they have at least accomplished good in one way. By their meetings and associations they have gotten up a spirit of inquiry and a desire for information. Laboring men, just as well as any others ought to be well informed on all subjects. They should study the science of government and be able to understand its workings. The country will be safe only so long as the great masses take an interest in national affairs. Every man ought to be a politician in the sense that he should be able to vote intelligently upon every subject presented for his consideration. This move is a great club of the club, and one that will do much in the end benefit the whole people.—Madisonville Herald.

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Capt. Tom Ferrell, auctioneer, reports the sale of C. L. Tipton, administrator of G. W. Tipton, on the 18th, at the old Amos Elison place. The farm of 222 acres was sold at the low price of \$7.25 per acre, C. L. Tipton being the purchaser. Not much stock was sold, but it sold reasonably well. Household and kitchen furniture sold well, mostly in the family. The Captain says he is killed for the following sales: Tipton's land sale at the 22nd; widow Thompson's, 23rd; J. W. Hiale's, 24th; H. B. Todd's, 25th; John W. Harris', November 1st.

Moses Kahn has purchased 645 export cattle from Charlton Alexander, of Paris, Ky. The cattle average about eighteen hundred pounds, which, at five cents per pound, aggregate the neat sum of \$85,650. They were all pure bred and grade short-horns, red and roan, and are said to be the best bunch of cattle in America. Mr. Kahn has bought the feeding of Mr. Alexander for four years past, and each successive bunch has eclipsed the other. These cattle are to be fed until December, when they will be exported to London for Christmas beef.—Paris News.

Smut in wheat calls forth an able paper by Joseph H. Arthur, D. Sc., and it has been sent out in pamphlet form by the Kentucky Agricultural Experiment Station. He says clean wheat on clean ground produces a clean crop. The seed must be free from smut, when sown, and it is not it that is the danger, which he says is the best of all known fungicides. There is no manure of straw that had rust must be allowed in the field. Your wheat crop will then be free from smut. Care should be taken to cover the sown wheat thoroughly so that smut spores from neighboring fields cannot lodge on it.

If the Wheelers of Kentucky have done nothing else, they have at least accomplished good in one way. By their meetings and associations they have gotten up a spirit of inquiry and a desire for information. Laboring men, just as well as any others ought to be well informed on all subjects. They should study the science of government and be able to understand its workings. The country will be safe only so long as the great masses take an interest in national affairs. Every man ought to be a politician in the sense that he should be able to vote intelligently upon every subject presented for his consideration. This move is a great club of the club, and one that will do much in the end benefit the whole people.—Madisonville Herald.

Geo. T. Fox sold 70 cattle to Jo. H. Wilkerson Tuesday, 40, average weight, 1,548 pounds and sold at \$4.12 per 100 pounds, and 30, av., 1,580, at \$4.15. Col. Thos. Johnson bought in Bath county, 85 feeders, 1,201 pounds, at \$3.50. W. H.

Bash bought of Allen Prewitt 40, av., 1,625, \$4.25; of Jas. E. Thompson, 65, av., 1,825, \$4.25; of J. D. Gay, 34, av., 1,595, \$4.25; of Rufus Hadden, 38, av., 1,475, \$4; of Geo. W. Anderson, 35, av., 1,610, \$4.25; of J. W. and J. C. Orear, 12, av., 1,600, \$4.25; of J. B. Bogie, 74, av., 1,547, \$4.25. Allen Prewitt bought of W. B. Calk, 40, av., 1,580, \$4; Jo. H. Wilkerson of W. W. Thompson, 64, av., 1,450, \$4.25; of Frank Grisby, car load, at \$3.30. Josh Owens sold 60 to M. Corbin at \$4.50. Cattle are going off at a lively rate and money will be plentiful in a few days.—Mt. Sterling Advocate.

During the year 1889 we had occasion several times to call attention to the agricultural bureau of England and Germany and the marvelous yield per acre which the peasant gleaned when under government direction. The sun which journeys west may cast longer shadows on his way, and the best of the tillers of the earth find profitable employment at home and the human harvest which we gather on our shores may include but a scant modicum of the best agriculturists exist, but we can profit by experience as readily as any combination of people brought together by the hands of Providence, and are as indispensable as the hand-loom of fate which enforces freedom on intelligence. Our own agricultural bureau needs stimulation. There is that within us which will give echo broad and wide to any sound which promises response, and we are earnest knockers at the gate, and when Congress resumes its sitting, shall ask that politics be forgotten in commanding past efforts and that appropriations be made liberal to increase usefulness, already very decided.—Baltimore Journal of Commerce.

A few days ago R. E. Hughes telegraphed to the Louisville Times that Capt. W. J. Kinnaird and Miss Jennie Faulkner had eloped to Louisville and married. As it was untrue the notice created much mortification to the parties. Mr. Hughes claimed that

THE CRANKS.

There is one kind of man has accomplished much good. Though often without a soul thank; though his intentions were misunderstood, the man you know as a crank.

When Noah's ark in the days of old reared, the man around him were frank. And when a flood was something unheard, and to laugh at the comrade crank.

But when the tide rose over the mountain tops, and they stood in the sea's bosom dank, they thought of the truth they once did deride, and remembered the words of a crank.

When Columbus first told the Castilian court of a country rich, verdant and rank, they laughed him to scorn, and made him their sport.

And doubting some called him a crank. But when a new world he discovered full soon, their eyes and their raptures sank; and when the world was a new one, they praised the wise thought of the crank.

When Fulton his steamboat was building, 'tis said, his thought was a crank. And when the world was a new one, they praised the wise thought of the crank.

When Pasteur his mission attempted to show, some called him a fool, some a crank. But when they are forced to acknowledge we were a year of praise to the crank.

His thoughts are all twisted and tangled one way. Like the strands in a thread knitter's hank; but this will be right and straightened some day.

And then all the praise to the crank. Like a foreign hand-organ that grinds but one tune. When turned by an Italian lack, his mind ever dwells on one thing; only one, the wonderful mind of the crank.

Perpetual motion of things his thought. Though to others 'tis almost a blank. If his wishful invention should ever be brought to work, it will be by a crank.

On this you can bet with assurance your gold. And high on your winning can bank. Though business, though business, though business and old, the smartest of men is the crank.

—Yankee Blade.

SAVED BY A BANK-BOOK.

Disastrous Experience of a Greenhorn on a Florida Homestead.

HAD been a clerk in a city store ever since I was old enough to work, and I was green. There is no doubt about that in my mind now, though I spun the story little farm on the banks of the Florida hills, which had come to me after my father had worried himself into his grave trying to get rich on it, and had left me a pile of guide-book opinions of the balmy climate, the fertile soil, the clamorous market for sub-tropical fruits, and the ease with which the land could be raised in that "land of the cypress and myrtle."

"I took up a homestead on the long, narrow strip of land that divides the Atlantic ocean from the Indian river, and did not go to see it before 'entering' it at the land office, because I knew that to be unnecessary. The guide-book said that strip was wonderfully fertile, salubrious and easy of access. I found a good many homesteads on it not yet occupied, and I wondered a little that a greater rash of settlers had not been made for it. However, I set this down to my own good luck in selling so early in the field, and figured on being off enough of the homestead in a year or two to pay for a fine house on what I retained for my own use.

"I reached the spot by rail-boat from Titusville, at the head of the river, and was delighted to find that I had neighbors, not far away to the north, and also to the south. They were 'crackers.' That is the name which one native Floridian applies to other native Floridians whom he does not like. They had orange groves, to be sure, but they did not seem to be growing rich on their crops. This I attributed to their shiftless method of agriculture. Instead of clearing their land of the big pine trees that cluttered it, they merely grinded

flames crept along through that mass of underbrush and leaped up every resinous tree it met was terrible. I fought it as long as I could move a limb and then dropped, exhausted and despairing, and watched it roar off through the woods like an evil spirit that I had raised and was powerless to control. It was undown when I gave up the fight, and I was alone in the night.

ALL ARMED WITH SHOTGUNS, and I could do nothing more that night. Too wretched to eat, I drank freely from my little store of whiskey and threw myself on my couch.

"The liquor and the exhaustion made me sleep far into the next day, and I was awakened a little after noon by loud knocks at my door. Opening it I was confronted by five or six big, rough men, all armed with shotguns and with an ominous look on their faces. They strode into my cabin and shut the door behind them.

"'Stranger,' said the spokesman, gruffly: 'You have started a fire here in your damned Yankee ignorance of Florida, and all the good you've done is to burn the rawsaw and the bark off a lot of green trees, and now you've got a lot of black legs on your hands that are a damned sight meaner to handle than ever. But yer damned fire has spread into the groves of yer neighbors, where the dead trees were still a standin', and they have been burned to the ground, as anybody but a natural-born fool might 'a' known they would, and our orange trees is ruined with them. Such varnats as you isn't fit to live in this country. Say yer prayers, mister, for we're going to plant you before we go back.'

"I was terribly frightened, for I could see they were in dead earnest. My teeth began to chatter, but a bright thought struck me. I had deposited some money in a bank at Jacksonville on my way down, and had a check-book with some black checks left in it, though the money had all been drawn out long ago.

"'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I am clearing this place for a Northern syndicate, who are going to make extensive plantations here, and I can pay you on the spot for your losses, caused by my ignorance of Florida forests, and I assure you that such thing will not happen again.' With that I whipped out my check-book, took up a pencil and prepared to write with as much show of confidence as I could muster under the circumstances.

"I had been pretty free with the five or six hundred dollars I had brought down with me, and so the story of the Northern syndicate seemed to them to be likely enough. The word syndicate, any way, seems to have an awe-inspiring power down there. The idea that a syndicate might be penniless seems preposterous. But it was the bank checks that overwhelmed them; checks on a real National bank were something they had heard of, but never handled before.

"You may be sure they swindled me awfully in making up this story of their losses, but I was not disposed to be penurious, merely making enough objections to allay possible suspicion. So I drew a check for each man, big enough to buy his whole farm five times over, and they went away laughing to themselves at my gullibility.

"As soon as they were out of sight, I packed into my boat all my outfit, set every stitch of sail and reached the nearest town by the next night, sold my outfit for enough to buy a ticket North and did not breathe freely till I felt myself well beyond the reach of these simple 'crackers,' whose groves I had signally ruined and in whose hands I knew my life would not be worth an hour's purchase when they discovered how I had escaped their just indignation."—N. Y. Tribune.

NEVER TOO FULL.

An Excellent Way to Keep the Water From Overflowing.

An excellent way to control the water in a tank is the one in common use and probably not patented. A weight is attached to the faucet of the tank which is just sufficient to close it and keep it closed. A strong cord passes upward over a small pulley, then horizontally and down directly over the center of the tank, and is then attached to a float. When water is taken from the trough of course the surface falls, lowering the float. This pulls on the cord, which lifts and opens the valve, allowing water to flow into the tank. When the tank has filled sufficiently the float is raised, the cord slackened and the faucet closed. The accompanying illustration will convey

NEVER TOO FULL.

the meaning still more clearly. If this is placed on the watering tank in the yard there will be less trouble about a runaway in the summer and an icy, dangerous one in winter.

A little ingenuity will devise means for dispensing with the rope or pulleys. To box in the spout and place the float directly under the cock, using one that would be closed as the float rose on the water in the tank would be good. In a square tank the pulleys can be attached to the side of a building and so be out of the way.—Farm and Home.

The Ways of Women.

Armand—Come! Fly with me! I'll love you!
Camille—Never! Sit, you insult me.
Armand—What? I will resist you with all the strength of my woman's nature. If you would tear me from this place you must first drag me and render me unconscious. You will find a bottle of chloroform on the bureau over there.—From an Unproduced Drama by Dumas.

—Queer! She never asked me to call!
"Perhaps she was afraid you would take her at her word."—Harper's Bazar.

GREAT SALE OF CITY LOTS!

400 LOTS 450

IN THE DILLINGHAM ADDITION To Richmond, Kentucky.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29th, 1890.

The Street Car Line, Water-Works and Gas Mains Extend Through the Addition.

HIGH, DRY AND BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS.

No rough or unsightly views. No objectionable features on the grounds or in the vicinity. Accessible from every direction.

LOTS 50X200 TO 300 FEET.

Main Street of Richmond extends through the Grounds. No swamps, no miasmatic poisons in the air, no fever producing elements.

EVERY LOT IS COVERED WITH BLUEGRASS.

In sight of the Court-House, and by far the most beautiful building lots ever offered in Richmond.

Street Car and Omnibus Lines Will Convey Persons to the Sale.

TERMS:

EXCEEDINGLY EASY, AND WILL BE ANNOUNCED ON DAY OF SALE. SALE AT 11 O'CLOCK, A. M.

REMEMBER THE DAY AND DATE, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1890.

EARLY STAGE-COACHING.

How the Daily Line Was Started and Managed.

Government Assistance in the Enterprise—History of the Scheme—The Great Old Concord Coaches That Were in the Service.

HERE is a man in this town, now hale and hearty at the age of seventy-five, who was a member of the firm that started the first daily stage that ever ran from the Missouri river to Salt Lake City. He is Colonel Alex Majors, who was the founder of the famous pony express. Colonel Majors, as a member of the firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell, worked for years in the interest of securing daily stages. It was his idea that if stages left the Missouri river for the west and Salt Lake City for the east every day the business facilities of the vast trans-Missouri region would be wonderfully improved. It was found impossible to put on a line of daily stages for so long a distance without some Government subsidy, and for a long time Congress was appealed to for assistance. At length the postal service allowed \$800,000 per annum for a daily delivery of the mails at the Missouri river from the west and at Sacramento from the east. Of this sum \$200,000 went to Russell, Majors & Waddell for the service east of Salt Lake, while the other half was paid to Butterfield & Co., contractors, on the other side of the range.

It was in the fall of 1859 that the first stage of the daily line left Atchison, Kan., then a prosperous and promising young city, a leading best landing and a formidable rival of the then feeble and struggling Kansas City. There was a great deal of rejoicing over the coming of the new enterprise and with many good wishes and the shouts of the assembled populace, the first coach whipped gayly off. The new line marked an epoch in western methods of travel. The spring before the line had been put on from Leavenworth to Denver by Jones & Russell. The stages ran spasmodically and the firm encountered trouble from the outset. This line made only a few trips when the Indians became so hostile that it was impossible to guarantee a traveler safe passage to the mining camp of Denver. The route lay from Leavenworth up Smoky Hill fork and directly across the plains to Colorado's capital. It was dangerous and expensive, for the Indians stole nearly every team of mules that the company put on the line. The concern at length fell into the hands of Russell, Majors & Waddell, with all accompanying rights and franchises. That pioneer firm then bought the Hockaday & Liggett company, operating an irregular and unsatisfactory line of small coaches from St. Joseph to Salt Lake on a schedule of twenty-two days. This company had no post stations and the same animals that started from a terminus would frequently struggle through nearly to the other end of the line.

With the two companies out of the field a guarantee of government assistance, Russell, Majors & Waddell went to work with vigor in their daily stage enterprise. They built splendidly-equipped, strong warm post stations every ten or twelve miles, established divisions with superintendents in charge and announced a schedule time of ten days from Atchison to Salt Lake, a distance of 1,200 miles. The coaches left each terminus daily and there was never a hitch in the route time announced. At first the route taken by this through line was that known as the old St. Louis pass route, along the California trail by Fort Fetterman and Fort Laramie, thence up by the North Platte and the Sweetwater, through the North pass to Fort Bridger, across Green river, through Echo canyon, over the big mountains and down Emigration canyon to Salt Lake City. The daily Denver stage was soon put on, running from Denver to Salt Lake, where it joined the through Salt Lake coach and delivered and received passengers. Later the en-

tire line was made to run by Denver and the Julesburg branch was taken off. The route then lay through the Cheyenne pass, down Bitter creek to Green river, thence to Salt Lake. This route was fully eighty miles south of that originally used.

About eighty coaches were used in this service. They were large, strongly-built vehicles, known in old staging days as the Concord coach. Each one cost about eight hundred dollars and was especially fitted for the heavy work required of it. Nine passengers could be accommodated with ease on the inside of each. They were softly cushioned and were altogether the finest stages ever run in the West. Each stage was drawn by four fine, strong Kentucky mules, and experienced, reliable drivers were put into the service. There was no pay, were fearless and intelligent and an accident was a rarity.

The same firm that operated and made such a success of the pony express at its own expense, stopping the doughty little animals only when the telegraph came, also made the coaching a success. Noted characters soon found that the Salt Lake & Denver daily line was the only reliable route to the West and all of them bought their tickets that way. Atchison soon became a prominent place from which overland travelers started westward and its future was believed to have been made.

The railroads came all too soon for the town's prosperity, however, and the splendid Concord coaches were retired or else sent farther west to the end of the great iron railroads. Colonel Majors delights to talk of the old days of stage coaching. To the Times reporter he said the other day:

"It all seems so strange that our fine old coaches are no more, for travel by them was comfortable and full of charms. In the whole time in which we operated our stage line we were never once molested by Indians or road agents, as the highwaymen of the West were called. We never lost one of the Government mail pouches and never killed a passenger. Senator Ogden, who was such an active worker in the interest of the pony express, had no connection with our stage line, although he felt a lively concern in its workings. I do not think the Senator was killed in a duel with the famous Broderick, for

If my memory serves me, he died in the New York Hotel, New York, of old age. My partners in the stage line enterprise are dead. Mr. W. H. Waddell having passed away at his home in Lexington, Mo., in September, 1871. Mr. W. H. Russell died in the spring of the same year at the home of his son in Palmyra, Marion County, Mo.

The first general superintendent of this famous old stage coach line was Benjamin Picklin, a Westerner, whom all the West knew in the fifties. He knew every foot of the great trans-Missouri country and the choice was a wise one. Picklin managed the company well and then retired to something better. When the railroads pushed the big Kentucky mules and the Concord coaches out of the way Picklin went East. He made money in Washington and died in the capital city. His death resulted from the swallowing of a fish bone. Jack Gilmore was a division agent at Salt Lake. He remained in that position as long as the stages ran, when he moved to the mouth of the Echo canyon on Weaver river. He lives in that

section yet and his home overlooks the moss-grown trail over which the stages rolled so gayly thirty years ago. Luke Benham was another division agent. His headquarters were at the North Platte division. Benham died soon after the stages stopped. Hank, the celebrated driver, whose joke on Horace Greeley has been immortalized by Mark Twain, once drove for the daily Salt Lake line, although it was over the coast range that he made Horace take in his head.

Archie Ward traveled in the Russell, Majors & Waddell stages, and Colonel Majors remembers him as the most congenial of companions on a long "cross-country" journey. Horace Greeley often rode on the daily Denver line and Schuyler Colfax was once an honored traveler in a special stage. All celebrities of the '50's rode in the stage-coaches, for it was the unquestioned leading route to the far West. There are perhaps less than six of the old stage line existences now, and they are running on some short, unimportant line in the mountains, all battered and worn, little suggesting the glories of the days when the firm from Atchison to Denver was fifty dollars, with twenty dollars added to Salt Lake.—Kansas City Times.

DUST FOR POULTRY.

Its Value as a Medium for Freeing Fowls from Lice.

When I first commenced on the farm on my own account I built a small poultry house of logs. Not having much capital or much experience in the poultry business, I thought that if I could have a place for the poultry to roost at night out of the storm, and plenty of corn for feed they would do well enough, and I cost of their raising money by getting along thus. It would have been better to let the poultry roost in the trees. I find that the greatest evil to contend with in poultry business is parasites. I believe that the cholera, so prevalent among fowls, is caused chiefly by parasites. The body louse gives them no rest by day and the spider louse, that hides in their roosts, comes out to torment them by night, and to finish with the misery, the scaly leg attacks them, and finally the cholera comes along as a speedy relief from all their troubles. I have had with poultry. I tried all remedies advertised, but read dust, with my small, cheap roost, I couldn't try. I greased with lard, with kerosene oil, mixed the two and greased—greased and little—greased, greased, greased, and finally my wife became desperate and greased a couple of dozen youngsters so thoroughly that the next morning she found both lice and chickens dead.

Then we tried the sulphur cure. We mixed sulphur with their feed, according to directions; sprinkled sulphur in their nests, etc. The consequence was the weather became cold; they caught cold, got the croup, and the lice died, and so did the chickens. Then I built a larger and better house, thinking that this was the trouble. I wanted one large enough so I could keep it clean, and whitewash occasionally. But I didn't get it large enough for the one most essential thing—road dust—and we continued to grease occasionally and the lice continued with us, and the cholera came along each spring and relieved the chickens of their misery and use of our chickens and our profits. But practice makes perfect, and I concluded to build another poultry house. I made due allowance for dust enough to do them the year round. Now on cold days when the chickens are confined in their quarters, you can see a regular pandemonium of crows, cackles and singing from the poultry house, and if you take pains to look in you will find them wallowing in the dust to their hearts' content, and the house so full of flying dust that it is impossible for a parasite to enjoy life. Since we have made these arrangements the lice, the scaly leg and the cholera have disappeared. We have no need of feeding sulphur and so the roost doesn't bother us any more. In fact, things are so satisfactory that I am thinking of building another poultry house and adding another hundred chickens to the capital stock of our farm.—S. M. Harford, in Ohio Farmer.

AT NARRAGANSETT.

Miss Gowan—Why did you come down to the pier, Mr. Colley?
Mr. Colley—To see you.
Miss Gowan—Well, you may as well go back to the city. I don't go into the surf. I only stroll down to the beach to look on—Puck.

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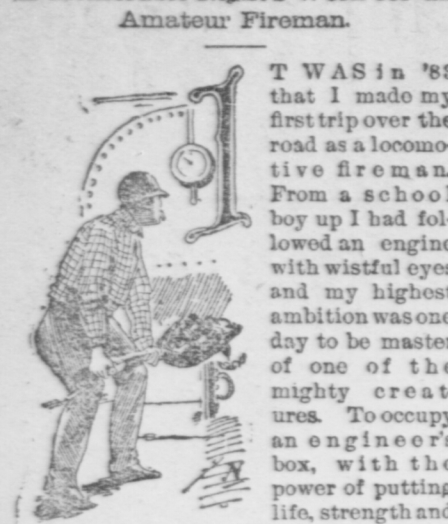
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WILD BOB'S FAST RIDE.

A Memorable Night's Work for an Amateur Fireman.



T WAS A "red" that I made my first trip over the road as a locomotive fireman. From a school boy I had followed an engine with its whistle and bell, and with its power of putting life, strength and speed into that fantastic pile of iron and steel was my fondest hope. One day, when it was not for other than my life would be in an engine cab. When a boy my next school was frequently vacant, while the happy company of my friends perched on a place of vantage watching with eager eyes the backward and forward trips of a switch engine. By and by I began to understand the engine, and the switchmen and engine men. Several sharp rebuffs and warnings failed to daunt me, and finally the men became accustomed to my presence, and I became somewhat of a favorite, and at last the proud moment came when I was allowed to share the fireman's seat on a trip from the end of the road to the other, a distance of about three miles.

From that moment my life of toil began. Early and late I was on the engine, as it was vacation time, and I soon became a fixture. The fireman was inclined to shirk a little and from "riding" the engine and cleaning the fire I gradually took his place with the shovel. It was then I learned how to put in a fire and it gave me the privilege in after years of participating in a thrilling run.

As I grew older my parents succeeded in diverting me from my purpose and I entered other schools. As the engine and railroad acquaintance. One day I chanced to be at the depot when an engine, who was an old acquaintance of mine, came in. I was not on the train. A little surprise had been planned for him at the end of his trip, and I had been selected as an accompaniment. His wife and children were on board the train at the station and without his knowledge accompanied him to the end of the run, where the surprise was to be sprung. As the engine had the fireman had taken sick coming in. As I walked towards the engine, after seeing my charges safely out of sight in the train, I was met by the engineer, who was known to every one as "Wild Bob" on account of the fast runs he had made.

"Well," said he, "I'm in a fix. My fireman is sick and there isn't a man here who I would trust on this run. I don't know what I'm going to do." Here was the unexpected opportunity. My old love for an engine came back with a rush and almost before I realized it, I was asking Bob in a timid sort of a way whether or not I would suit him.

"You?" he exclaimed, "why, that's you? You're a fireman. I had forgotten it. Of course I'll take you and be mighty glad of it." I rushed back to notify my charges, dropping an excuse to Bob, and returned to the engine. Bob had already obtained permission to take me, and his judgment was relied upon, and in less than five minutes it was all over. I had divested myself of superfluous clothing and covered my "shoddy" suit with the sick fireman's blouse, ready for work. We were out of the station on the double track in ten minutes. It was a matter of time before I had made up the train again. It was no easy matter to "fire" a passenger engine and I was little used to hard work, but my old training served me in good stead and I managed to "keep her hot."

We had run about fifty miles with a couple of stops and had reached an important station where we were to get orders against a special. When the conductor brought the orders to the engine I could see there was something wrong. His face wore a troubled look and he handed the order to Bob in silence, and he remained standing motionless instead of signaling us out and boarding the train. The instant Bob read the order his otherwise pleasant face clouded, and in a twinkling, when he asked the conductor what the dispatcher meant.

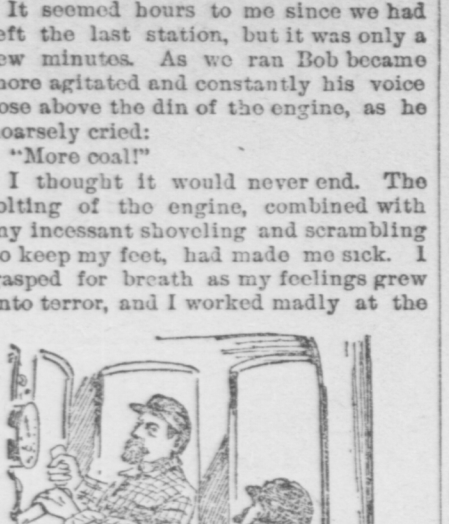
"I don't know," replied the conductor, "there's the order and it's for you to say whether we'll go or stay." Bob glanced at his watch, then at a time card and again at the sheet of a time paper.

"I'll go," he said, "get on." "We've got a train full," said the conductor, nervously, "but we had better obey orders." "All right," was the reply, and we started.

I was too busy just then ringing the bell and putting the engine in motion to cause of the apparent doubt in Bob's mind. It was nearly dark, and after I had lighted the lamp in front of the steam gauge I could plainly see Bob's face. He was evidently worried. Instead of letting the engine "pick up herself" as we left the station he pulled the throttle wide open, and with a glance at the gauge, simply said: "Give her another fire!"

A TILT WITH FOILS.

Mr. Kelly Teaches His Wife How to Fence.



HERE," exclaimed Mr. Kelly, looking at a paper from his pocket, "that would be a good thing for you." "What would?" asked his wife. "Fencing," replied Mr. Kelly. "Fencing?" she echoed, in surprise. "I never could build a fence," she said. "What's the use of an idiot?" retorted her husband, with considerable asperity. "I mean an art of sword playing. Here, let me read you: 'Fencing is now regarded as fully introduced into fashionable circles for amusement of the ladies. It is a whole, fascinating exercise. Married ladies are even more benefited than the unmarried—and lots more to the same effect.' Said Mr. Kelly. 'How do you suppose you like it?'

"Well, I don't know," said his wife, doubtfully. "How is it done?" "Oh, oh, now," said Mr. Kelly, "fencing, they call 'em, but you might begin with a stick, and I'll show you how, if you want me to." "You say it's fashionable?" Mrs. Kelly hesitatingly asked. "Says so right here," exclaimed her husband. "What do you say?" he went on, enthusiastically, "shall we begin now? You need exercise, Martha, and I've noticed for some time that you've been getting sedentary—that's what the paper says right here in this piece. Shall we begin?"

Mrs. Kelly reluctantly consented, and her husband, inspired with the idea, enthusiastically, "shall we begin now? You need exercise, Martha, and I've noticed for some time that you've been getting sedentary—that's what the paper says right here in this piece. Shall we begin?"

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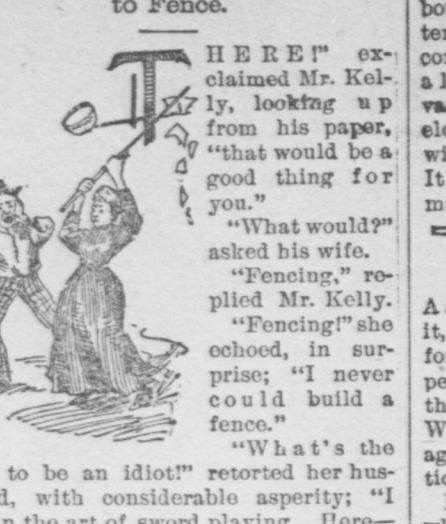
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MEASURING LAND.

Some Simple Tools with Which It Can Be Easily and Accurately Done.



Certain simple tools, for measuring both garden and farm crops, or the contents of fields, are sometimes a great convenience. A light pole (Fig. 1) may be used to advantage in measuring a field. It is a simple and accurate method. This eleven foot long, so that three lengths will make thirty-three feet or two rods. It is made of light, stiff wood, or of the material used for making fishing-rods.

Fig. 1. A small handle of round iron to carry it, may be screwed into it near one end for convenience in measuring by one person. This handle is easily made and the screw out by a common blacksmith. When used, small slits of tin are placed against the ends to show its exact position as moved on.

Fig. 2. Represents a measuring machine. It is an art of sword playing. Here, let me read you: 'Fencing is now regarded as fully introduced into fashionable circles for amusement of the ladies. It is a whole, fascinating exercise. Married ladies are even more benefited than the unmarried—and lots more to the same effect.' Said Mr. Kelly. 'How do you suppose you like it?'

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THE BOWERS.

Mr. Bower's Harrowing Experience with Various Patents.



DON'T know just how many inventions are brought out weekly in this country, but I know that Mr. Bower would buy each and every one of them if he had the opportunity. When we first set up housekeeping he had chums, washing machines, cultivators, boot-jacks, apple-parses, wagon-jacks, spring-loops, gate-latches, and so on to the extent of a wagon load, and he has added to the collection ever since, and he could do so without any knowledge. One day about a year ago an express wagon unloaded a model of a patent gate at the barn, and soon after Mr. Bower came home in an excited and enthusiastic state of mind, and said to me: "Don't scream, or faint away, or fall over any of these or break an arm, but be calm and collected."

"Mr. Bower, what do you mean?" "Be calm—be calm. Mrs. Bower, we are worth a million dollars." "What's that?" "Keep cool. Don't let the good news unhinge your mind. Yes, we are worth a cool million, and perhaps two or three."

"Has some one left you a legacy?" "No! I have made it with my own wit and foresight. Money can be left to a fool, but it takes a sharp man to make money for himself. Come out to the barn."

I followed him out, and when he had placed the model in the alley and arranged certain parts to his satisfaction, he said: "This is the Climax farm gate, covered by three different patents. I have bought the right to the State of Michigan for \$800. You see the idea? This rope leading out on either side of the post is to be pulled by any one wishing to pass through. See? Farmer doesn't have to get down off his load of hay, just gives a yank—the gate opens—drives through—gate shuts—goose hangs high."

"But—what?" "There's the figure about it. Mrs. Bower. Let's figure a bit. We'll say there are 50,000 farmers in the State. Each one wants five of these gates, making 250,000 gates in all. Each gate can be put in for \$8 and the profit is \$5. This gives me \$1,250,000. We'll allow \$50,000 for bad debts and we have a cool \$1,200,000 in our pockets. Isn't that a good margin on \$800?"

"Do you know that the farmers will buy this gate?" "Why, they are crying for it all over the State! I expect to be at least a thousand orders behind, the best I can do."

"Well, I hope it will be a success, but—" "There you go! Always ready to throw cold water on any of my enterprises! If I thought you a solid chunk of gold you'd do your best to make out that it was nothing but a brick!"

An hour later a couple of sturdy old farmers came up at Mr. Bower's invitation to see the patent. I snatched out to one side to hear what they might say. Mr. Bower exhibited the gate, went over his figures, and then asked: "What's it for?" they asked. "Why, to save a farmer from getting down off a load of hay or off his wagon."

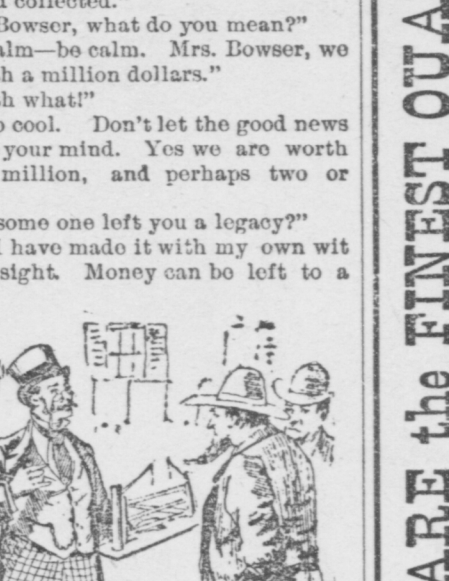
"Isn't it a good thing?" "Mebbe." "But it must be. Can't you see the convenience of a glance? The farmer doesn't have to get down. 'No, I see that, and he's a durned idiot. He'd better get down a thousand times for that matter. What's he there for but to get down? He's got lots of time to get down and climb up again."

THE BEST.

IS OUR.

Bid for Your Trade!

OUR Fall and Winter purchase was made with a view of offering the best qualities at lowest figures. Our prices may startle, but they will not vex the careful buyer.



IF SO, COME AND SEE OUR NEW STOCK OF Men's and Boy's Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Etc., Etc.

THE BANNER ASSORTMENT OF THE SEASON! So Great in Assortment! So Pleasing in Style! So Honest in Quality! So CHEAP in Price!

GIVE US A CALL AND WE WILL GIVE YOU A BENEFIT. VORIES, SCHOOLFELD & CO. The Only One-Price Cash Clothiers.

RAMSEY & FIFE IT IS NECESSARY In These Days for Merchants TO LIE

Awake Nights to Devise Means to Attract Trade. The Managers of the RACKET STORE

Foreign and Domestic Dress Goods, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Clothing, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Trunks, in fact everything kept in a first-class store. We call special attention to our suits of

at \$1.25. Afterward Custom-Made Boots and Shoes below cost, and other custom-made best brands of Shoes, all very cheap. A splendid line of all kinds of Shirts, Over and Under, from 15c. to \$2.50—below cost. We sell the best 5 and 10 cent. Handkerchiefs and Hosiery in the city. Ladies' White Party Kid Gloves, 35 to 40 cents. Crashes from 25 to 10 cents per yard less than cost. Good Calico 4c. Challies 4c. and 5c. less than cost. Nice Lace Bed Sets \$1.25. Lace Curtains—a big line and cheap—and Curline Poles. Comforts. A good line of Gents' Pants to close out, 50 to 75 cents below cost. Overalls 35c. Don't buy your

until you see ours. We will have in a few days the finest line of best fitting Cloaks in Richmond, and we have many other special bargains in goods. If you will come and look we will be glad to show you all through the stock.

Ramsey & Fife M. J. HILL, Man'r.

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KENTUCKY CENTRAL R.R.

BLUE GRASS ROUTE.

Shortest and Quickest Route from Central Kentucky to All Points North, East, West and South-West. —FAST LINE BETWEEN— Lexington & Cincinnati. Schedule in Effect May 11th, 1890.

Cincinnati	8:00 a.m.	8:00 p.m.	8:35 p.m.
Columbus	8:00 a.m.	8:00 p.m.	8:35 p.m.
Lexington	8:00 a.m.	8:00 p.m.	8:35 p.m.
Paris	8:00 a.m.	8:00 p.m.	8:35 p.m.
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Richmond	8:00 a.m.	8:00 p.m.	8:35 p.m.
Washington	8:00 a.m.	8:00 p.m.	8:35 p.m.
York	8:00 a.m.	8:00 p.m.	8:35 p.m.
Richmond	8:00 a.m.	8:00 p.m.	8:35 p.m.
Washington	8:00 a.m.	8:00 p.m.	8:35 p.m.
York	8:00 a.m.	8:00 p.m.	8:35 p.m.
Richmond	8:00 a.m.	8:00 p.m.	8:35 p.m.
Washington	8:00 a.m.	8:00 p.m.	8:35 p.m.
York	8:00 a.m.	8:00 p.m.	8:35 p.m.
Richmond	8:00 a.m.	8:00 p.m.	8:35 p.m.
Washington	8:00 a.m.	8:00 p.m.	8:35 p.m.
York	8:00 a.m.	8:00 p.m.	8:35 p.m.
Richmond	8:00 a.m.		

